DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

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CHAPTER XIV.

IN SEARCH OF A NEPHEW.

THE Count had a great many questions to ask about Hackleton and its people, and by-and-by he said—

"I walked through one of your most interesting burying-grounds this afternoon, while smoking my pipe. I find your householders prefer men to use tobacco in the street or churchyard rather than in their establishments. As I strolled I came upon a tombstone which attracted me, for a name on it was the same as—one I am familiar with."

"Indeed! what was it?" Sir James asked; and his visitor answered, in tones as slow and precise as his own—

"The inscription set forth that 'Here lies the body of Effie, wife unto Fredrich Wilheim Buist, officer in the Kaiser's employ.' I knew him, though I never saw his wife. I am sure it is the same person."

"I suppose all Prussians are like each other," whispered Joe to Dora, "or I should say he had more than *known* old Kaiser's father."

Sir James was not ready with an answer, but Mrs. Falconer was.

"How very interesting," she exclaimed; and turning to Joe, added, "do tell the Count about your friend, Mr. Buist."

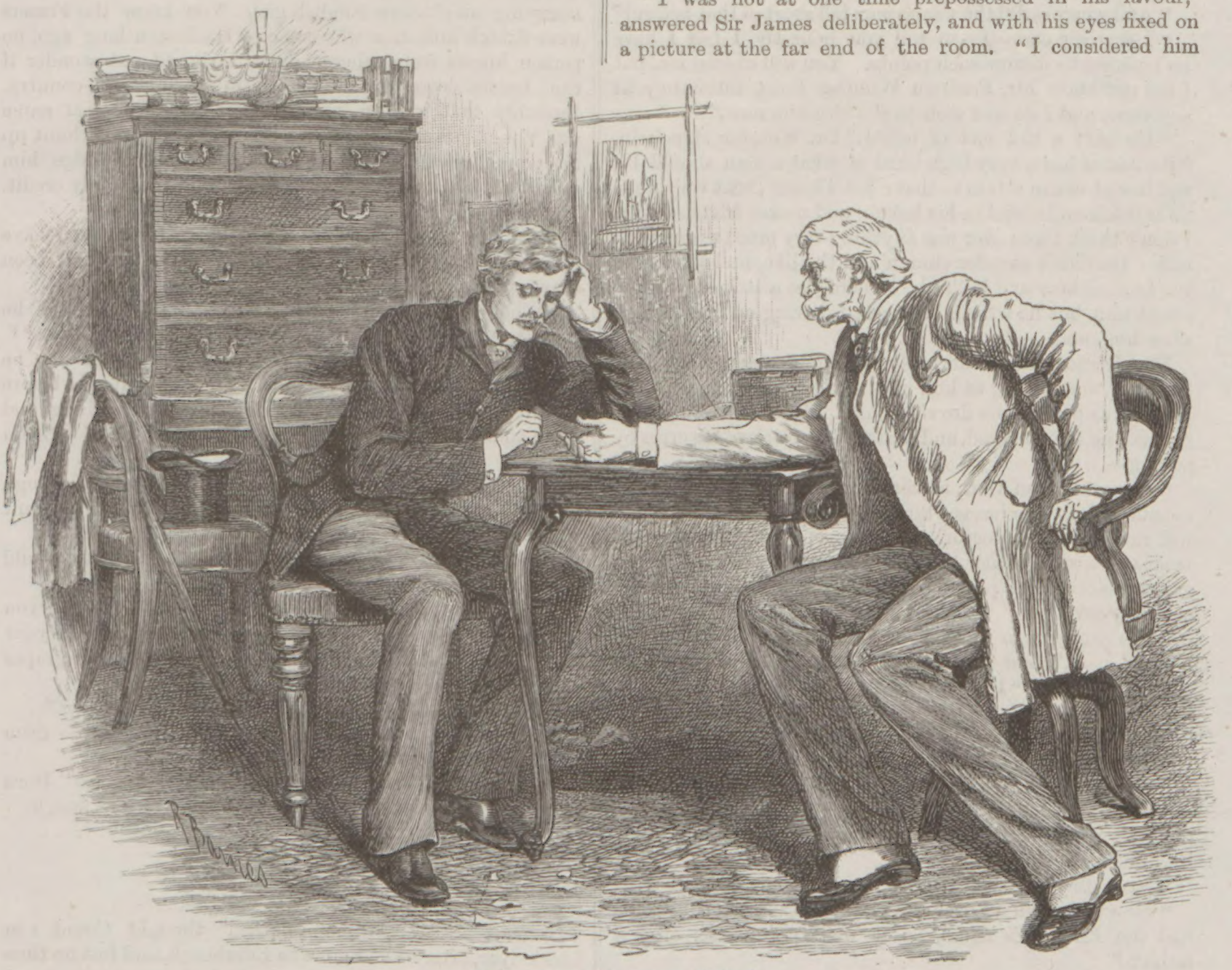
"Did you know, sir," Joe asked, "that your friend left a son here—the son of that Effie whose tombstone you found? He is my greatest friend, though he is a good many years my senior; we are studying together."

"Indeed, I did know, some years after that child's birth, of his existence, but—the son is not always to be put in the father's place. I was not interested then in my friend's offspring."

"You would be awfully interested in Kaiser—I mean Mr. Buist. He is a very fine fellow," Joe replied, enthusiastically; and then the Count, turning to his host, asked—

"What is your opinion of the young man, Sir James Coyne?"

"I was not at one time prepossessed in his favour," answered Sir James deliberately, and with his eyes fixed on a picture at the far end of the room. "I considered him



"You owe me some duty."

frivolous and unstable. But I have reason to believe he has greatly changed of late, and I have, in consequence, formed a much higher opinion of Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist."

"Changed! Natural characteristics are not to be cast with old clothes. In what way has the young man changed?"

"He had an accident. He was nearly killed on the railway, and that led him to serious thought. He has given up vain pursuits, and is now a Christian, I believe."

The Count received this news in perfect silence, and no one felt inclined to break the awkward pause which followed Sir James's words; but fortunately little Edmund appeared in the doorway at that moment, night-robed, and only half awake, and created a diversion.

Then Edmund was passed round, kissed and petted, and finally left the room on Joe's shoulder, escorted by Dora.

Count von Linckmyer had been studying Dora for some few minutes before the little king's entrance, and he still looked critically at her as she left the apartment. Then he resumed the conversation with Sir James.

"You were saying—about the young man, Mr. Buist—that he has become a Christian. May I ask what you mean by the term? for I thought all baptised persons were Christians."

"I mean by that," answered Sir James, gravely, "a true follower of Christ, not in outward observance of the moral law, but in heart and life a religious man."

"And wherein did the young man fall short of that before?"

"I scarcely care—I—to tell you honestly, I feel I have no business to discuss such points. You will excuse me, but I did not know Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist intimately at any time, and I do not wish to criticise him now."

"He isn't a bad sort of fellow," Dr. Webster struck in. "Sir James has a very high ideal of what a man should be, and few of us can attain to that; but I know Buist very well; he is frank and social in his habits, and makes friends easily. I don't think there ever was anything very much wrong with him. He didn't care for church and the like, and was rather too fond of beer and billiards. There was a lack of purpose about him, but he was to be excused, having no one to look after him, and——"

The Doctor paused abruptly, becoming aware that Mrs. Falconer was looking at him in a warning manner, and Sir James was poking the fire vigorously. He was on dangerous ground, he remembered, and hastened to retrieve his error by adding—

"It would seem that, as Sir James said, the illness has steadied him. He has set himself to work with a will, and will make a good doctor. It is to be regretted that he means to combine with that mission-work, for that means going abroad, and probably getting sun-stroke, or being eaten by savages."

"The young man must be a little—you English call it *touched* here," said the Count, grimly, and put his finger to his forehead. "I am interested, however, and I think I shall look up young Buist when I travel north."

"You will come and see us again soon, I hope," said Dora to Count von Linckmyer, as he was bidding good-bye.

"Yes; I am obliged to madame. By the way, what name was that by which your brother called Mr. Buist?"

"Kaiser. We all called him Kaiser," she answered, in a low, unsteady voice.

Fortunately Dr. Webster was near, and he added—

"He was known all over the place as Kaiser. You see he had the Emperor's name, so it was appropriate, after a fashion."

"I like that name for the young man. The Kaiser has been my good friend, as well as sovereign; and I think I could promote *your* Kaiser's interests in his father's country. I do not suppose he has a fortune?"

"He has very little money," said Dora. "He must be practising great economy that he is enabled to go on with his studies."

"Ah! I shall observe, and perhaps help my friend's son. You, madame, do you believe in Sir James' theory of the change which has come over Mr. Buist? Do *you* think the fear of death has made him religious?"

"That—that illness gave him time for reflection, perhaps, but—I think there were other—causes which led him to Christ. Kaiser is no coward. He has not been frightened into conversion."

She spoke steadily and earnestly, and the Count approved her words. Sir James was settling Mrs. Falconer in the carriage, and did not hear those remarks, which we will believe was "just as well."

But when he returned Martha said, "Oh, James, I am quite sure that Count is a relative of young Mr. Buist. He is like enough to be his father, and is probably an uncle."

"Hum! *that* is the likeness I could not locate—as the Yankees say. But if that is so, why did he not acknowledge it?"

"There might be many reasons. Mr. Buist may have quarrelled with his family, or they may not have liked his marrying an obscure English girl. You know the Frasers were Scotch nobodies who came to Hackleton long ago, no person knows from where. Now, I should not wonder if the Buists were grand people in their own country. Probably that was an assumed name, and the real name was Von Linckmyer; and the Count has come to hunt up his young relative, and doesn't like to acknowledge him until he is satisfied that Mr. Buist will do his family credit. That is my belief."

Then Sir James changed the subject, for, as you have heard, he did not care to discuss Mr. Buist, and had been drawn perforce into doing so that evening.

"What is to be done with Edmund," he asked, "if he takes to promenading the house after his bedtime, Dora?"

"I have told him mother does not like it, and that he must promise not to do it again. He won't appear before us after that fashion any more," she replied, smiling, and quite confident in her power to control the king of Oldham Grange.

"That's well. Dear little man! he looked pretty enough in his white gown and tumbled curls. I think the Count admired him as well as the rest of us."

"Of course he did," Miss Susan chimed in. "Who could do anything else than admire him!"

"By the way, Susan," said Sir James, "may I beg you not to allow Edmund to have any fruit when he is in your territory. I found him on the grass with a cluster of grapes in his hands, and Dora says he was ill afterwards."

"Darling! he begged so, and offered a kiss for them."

The parents laughed, and Miss Susan, of old the grim and icicle, looked rather ashamed of her weakness.

"Vanquished by a boy's kiss! oh, for shame!" Dora cried, laughing merrily; and the rest joined in her laugh.

CHAPTER XV.

TRUE TO HIS PURPOSE.

"He is a most creditable relative," thought Count von Linckmyer, after he had gone to Edinburgh, and lost no time in calling upon Joe Falconer, who had, of course, introduced

him to Mr. Buist on the spot. "A well-made man, and most intelligent! He would show off in a crack regiment. We shall see! I heard nothing of his Christianity. I daresay it has been a craze that has grown out of a love-disappointment, and active service will knock it out of him."

(Of course the Count thought his thoughts in choice German, but I can only give you its English equivalent.) He meant to see as much of Mr. Buist as possible for some weeks before divulging the secret of their relationship. The Count was whimsical, and he had learned to suspect others. He had been in contact with various sorts and conditions of men, and his opinion of human nature had not been raised thereby. He had determined that he would not acknowledge his nephew until he had satisfied himself all round that his brother's son was no unworthy scion of their race.

He had been many years older than Kaiser's father, and had felt something of the paternal sentiment towards him. He had been extremely incensed when he heard that Fredrich, during a visit to England, had thrown a fine career overboard for love of a pretty English girl. It was a bitter blow to the Count, and when the brothers met and were reconciled, after Effie's death, he asked no questions about her, nor did Fredrich see any necessity for mentioning his son.

It was only after the younger brother's death that Count von Linckmyer discovered the boy's existence, and then he had less desire than ever to put himself into communication with the Frasers.

But as age crept on, and he found himself with few ties, he began to dwell more upon memories of his only and so much-loved brother. Then from those memories sprang conjectures and wishes regarding the boy who (if he still lived) must be boy no longer; and at last—as we have seen—he determined upon finding Fredrich's son.

The Count had built much upon his brother's future; and no sooner did he come face to face with his brother's son than he began to build again. Great were the castles in the air which he reared for Kaiser! Wild were the hopes he at once permitted himself to entertain that the young man would agree to all plans proposed, and let himself be led to fame and fortune by his uncle!

It was not difficult to see that impetuosity (though in different guises) was a family trait.

Mr. Buist received all the Count's advances with cordial friendliness. He liked the old gentleman, and agreed with Joe that there was probably some tie of blood between them. But he made no attempt to force an admission from the stranger. In truth, Kaiser was not anxious to be "claimed," for he foresaw trouble in such a contingency, and was quite satisfied that the Count should hold his peace.

They met every day. The elder man always made some excuse for dropping in at the student's lodgings, and, when Mr. Buist was not engaged, would carry him off for a walk or drive. If Mr. Buist were not at home, the Count would take possession of a book and the arm-chair, and wait till he came.

"I wonder how long this sort of thing is going to last, Kaiser?" said Joe. "The old boy seems to have settled himself upon you; and as he isn't an old-man-of-the-sea I don't mind. Still one can't help being a bit curious as to the result."

"He is not in the way, Joe: not in the least. And I am really sorry for him sometimes, for he seems so solitary and without aim. It must be terrible to be an old man without a future. That's what I'd have come to, if I had gone on as I had begun, you know; and it is not a pleasant reflection."

Unfortunately, in some respects, for Kaiser, Mrs. Falconer delayed her visit to Edinburgh yet longer, and before Robina arrived to give advice which should have been of service to him, and which he would assuredly have sought and followed, matters were settled between the Count and his nephew.

As we have seen, the old gentleman had kept his ears and his eyes open, and he had discovered that Robina Falconer was "one of those Christians," that with her had begun "that sort of thing" in the family, that her influence was permanent, and would affect Mr. Buist's actions considerably.

So Count von Linckmyer determined upon opening some of his schemes to his nephew before her arrival. There were other reasons why further delay was not prudent in the Count's opinion.

Kaiser's medical course was drawing to its close. When he had qualified he hoped to serve as house-surgeon (in hospital) to one of the professors. He had no intention of starting on his labours as a medical missionary with the inferior amount of technical education which some mission societies consider sufficient for one whose work is to be among blacks. He meant to carry into the foreign fields as much medical lore and experience as were required for city practice in England. His uncle, to whom Kaiser spoke of his plans freely, knew that when the young doctor went to reside in the Royal Infirmary he would have taken another important step along his own line of action, and that would add to the difficulties which the Count would have to grapple when inducing Kaiser to leave his narrow road for the broad and easy one over which his uncle had passed to earthly distinction.

So one day, when Joe was not likely to interrupt a lengthy conversation, and Kaiser was at leisure for a few hours, the Count began the siege—

"Have you not wondered betimes at my interest in you, boy?" he asked, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"I have. And I have imagined we were kinsmen, for I often feel that I understand your ways of thinking, and that you have sympathy with mine—I don't mean *spiritual* affinity, but just the mutual understanding which comes from kindred blood and sways common predilections."

"We *are* united by such a tie. Your father was my only and much beloved brother. He was to me as a son, and you come in his place."

"I am very glad, very! I have felt alone in the world—a sort of waif, belonging to nobody," said Kaiser.

"Perhaps you are surprised I have not told you this sooner; but I shall tell you the truth. I have been often deceived in people; I have been inconvenienced by importunate relatives; I have had discreditable connections which I have had difficulty in shaking from me. Thus I resolved that I should not avow myself to my nephew until I was thoroughly satisfied that he was what my beloved Fredrich's son should be."

Kaiser's face was lit up by one of his most beautiful smiles, as he exclaimed then—

"And now you tell me our relationship, which means that I realise your hopes of my father's son!"

"You do—in most things. I cannot say that I admire your craze for poking in mud to find black diamonds. But every man has a craze. You will change yours for one more suited to my taste presently."

The light faded from Mr. Buist's face, but he made no remark, and the Count went on—

"Yes, I am pleased with my brother's son. I may add, I am proud of him. You will make a sensation among the ladies of Berlin when we get you into the Imperial uniform."

Then the young man turned his keen, frank eyes upon his uncle's face, and said very gravely—

"I am afraid I should not suit that dress at all. I suppose the nations could not get along without trained fighting-men, but I prefer to cure wounds instead of inflicting them."

"Of course! of course! The position of an army-surgeon is a very honourable one. I can bring the highest interest to bear in your behalf, and you will soon rise to the top of your profession, and to a high place in the social circles of our capital, when you are *the* Kaiser's servant."

"I am the servant of God," said Kaiser, simply.

"That is what all men are, I suppose; and, believe me, there is nothing derogatory to the character of a moral-minded man in the service of our good Emperor."

Count von Linckmyer spoke with some heat, for he imagined that disrespect to his mighty hero was implied in Buist's words; but the young man answered, mildly—

"I did not mean to disparage the profession of noble men. I merely wished to let you know that I have enlisted with another king, and am under orders for foreign service."

"I won't have it. I'll buy you out," his uncle burst forth. "Look here, boy. You owe *me* some duty. I have no near relative besides yourself, and I am growing old. I need you. But I don't mean that you shall sacrifice your onward career to the wants of an old man. No! I have a fortune, which will be yours eventually, and in the meantime my influence and money shall be used to push you on in life. You haven't much money, that I know. I suppose your college expenses will swallow up the principal of what that old Scot left you. When that is done you will find it difficult to get along unless I am at your back with a full purse. Now, boy, put your craze out of your head, and come over to me."

He held out his hand, but Kaiser did not take it.

"I am very sorry, uncle, but I must stand by my colours," he said, firmly. "My Captain has stood long by me, and I must hold the ground for Him."

"You mean to tell me that you will prefer poverty and an obscure life to wealth and position, all for a craze?"

"Please, don't put it like that. My convictions are very clear and strong. I dare not do them violence."

"And you are going to throw *me* over for savages?"

"Nay. You are hard upon me," Kaiser pleaded, in tones which found their way to the Count's heart, though he was too angry to yield a point.

"This is Christianity," he said, with a sarcastic grin. "It is a kind of thing I have seen little of, but I confess this latest exhibition of its working does not attract me. However, I am not going to quarrel with you about it."

"Thank you. I don't want to quarrel, I am sure."

"When will you take your degree?" the Count asked, abruptly.

"In a few months, and Professor MacLaren has promised to take me for house-surgeon next session."

"*That* is all very good. Very right. Professor MacLaren is the best surgeon, out of Vienna, in the world. Now, will you give me your word that you will not take final steps about—your craze, your missionary projects, without telling me first? It is a small thing I ask of Fredrich's son."

"I promise willingly," said Kaiser. *(To be continued.)*

AN INDIAN WOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO LADY DUFFERIN.

How shall she know the worship we would do her?
The walls are high and she is very far.
How can the women's message reach unto her
Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?
Free Wind of Chait, against the lattice blowing,
Bear thou our thanks lest she depart unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in—
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city—
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in
Who dowered us with wealth of help and pity.
Out of our shadow pass and seek her singing:
"I bear no gifts but Love alone for bringing."

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword,
If she have given back our sick again,
And to our breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she hath wrought?
Then Birth and Death and Motherhood be naught.

Go forth, O Wind! the message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,
In reed-roofed hut or white-walled home of kings,
Who have been holpen by her in their need.
All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat
Shall be a golden floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee—take no rest,
Clear-voiced ambassador from sea to sea,
Proclaim the blessing
manifold, confessed,
Of those in darkness, by
her hand set free.
Then very softly to her presence move,
And whisper—"Lady! lo, they know and love!"

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

"And were another childhood world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."—*George Eliot.*

RYDAL MOUNT.

A HUNDRED years ago England was particularly rich in great brothers and sisters. There were William and Caroline Herschel, Charles and Mary Lamb, and, perhaps, chief of all, William and Dorothy Wordsworth. These last were certainly the greatest as tested by the position of the brother in the world of literature. He won and maintained a place among the greatest of English poets; but the very greatness of the brother was the cause why the sister is known only as a tributary to his genius. It is not that his achievements dwarf hers by comparison; she made no conscious contribution to literature; she felt from the outset of their life together that he was capable of giving to his countrymen thoughts which the world would not willingly let die, and she deliberately suppressed in herself all cultivation of her own powers, save such as should contribute to support, sustain, and promote his. As Charles Lamb said of his own sister, "If the balance has been against her, it was a noble trade." There is, however, much evidence that the balance was not against Dorothy Wordsworth. She did not sacrifice herself in vain. She chose to give up all independent cultivation of her own considerable poetic gifts, and also to renounce all hopes of love and marriage, for the sake of devoting her whole life to her brother, and of helping to a freer and nobler utterance the poet who has given us "The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," "The Ode to Duty," "The Happy Warrior," and a host of songs and sonnets among the most beautiful in our language. The sister freely and generously gave, the brother freely and generously received, and freely and generously acknowledged the value of the gift. Over and over again, in prose and verse, Wordsworth acknowledges all that he owes to his sister; never more warmly than when, on the approach of old age, disease had laid its hand upon her, and the long accustomed support seemed likely to be withdrawn. When Coleridge and Dorothy lay prostrate under the stroke of sickness, Wordsworth wrote at the age of sixty-two: "He and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted, and they are now proceeding, as it were, with equal steps, along the path of sickness, I will not say towards the grave; but I trust towards a blessed immortality." If Wordsworth, reviewing the past, could speak thus of his sister, it must be of interest to us to endeavour to discern what her influence over him was, and how their life together was passed.

William Wordsworth was born in 1770, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, the second son of John Wordsworth, a lawyer and land agent to the Earls of Lonsdale. Dorothy, her parents' only girl, was twenty months younger than William, and the two children very early showed that close sympathy and tender affection for one another which is often the precious possession of happy family life. Only a few years were spent together by the brother and sister in this joyous playtime of life; but the happiness of this early time is recorded in several of Wordsworth's poems, especially in the one where he speaks of his sister and their visit together to see the sparrow's nest:

"She looked at it and seemed to fear it,
Dreading, though wishing, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy."

William and Dorothy were less than nine and seven respectively when these happy days of childish companionship were closed by the death of their mother in 1778. William was then sent to school, and Dorothy went to live with her maternal grandparents at Penrith. The children were doubly orphaned five years later by the death of their father, in 1783. William and his brothers then passed to the guardianship of their uncles, Richard and Christopher Wordsworth, while Dorothy was made over to the care of other relatives, and spent her time partly at Halifax and partly with her mother's cousin, Dr. Cookson, Canon of Windsor. She and William, however, by no means forgot their childish affection or let it grow cold. They rarely met at this time, but their meetings were looked forward to by both with ardent and intense pleasure. Each continued to be to the other the dearest and most beloved of friends.

Wordsworth, like most generous young people of his day, was deeply stirred by sympathy with the French Revolution. At its outset he believed it would bring immeasurable blessings to mankind; tyranny, cruelty, and vice were, he believed, to be dismissed from the high places of the earth, and in their stead would reign justice, mercy, peace, and love. It is therefore not difficult to imagine with what agony of disappointment he saw, as he thought, all these high hopes falsified, and the light that had been lit by the Revolution quenched in blood and in a series of massacres more cruel and remorseless than any that had disgraced previous forms of government. For a time the belief in goodness and righteousness seemed shaken in him. To disbelieve in the power of goodness is infidelity; and from this gulf of infidelity Wordsworth was saved by his sister's

influence. This was the first memorable service she rendered to his moral nature. He was saved from becoming permanently soured and narrowed by the sunny radiance of his sister's sympathy and by her unshaken faith that good is stronger than evil. The brother and sister now resolved to live together; and from that hour Dorothy's whole life was given to enrich and solace that of her brother, and to help him to give utterance to those great thoughts and words which at last made the whole of England aware that the nation was possessed of another poet.

Wordsworth was now twenty-five years of age; he had passed through his college career at Cambridge and had travelled abroad, and the time had come when it was not unnaturally expected of him that he should settle down to some business or profession that would provide him with an income. Very little had come to the family from inheritance, and parents and guardians are not generally disposed to look with lenient indulgence on a penniless young man of twenty-five who shows a disinclination to any steady work, and is suspected of an ambition to become a poet. Wordsworth's uncles had been kind and generous guardians, but they could not have been pleased at what must have seemed to them at this time the dilatory, desultory life of their nephew. His sister, however, all the while gave him her warmest sympathy and support. Before any one else had dreamed of it, she recognised her brother's genius; she not only believed that he would be a poet, but *knew* that he *was* a poet. She did not urge him, as a well-intentioned but less perceptive friend might have done, to become a lawyer, or a doctor, or what not; she made it possible, by joining her life to his, and nourishing his genius by the tribute she poured into it from her own, that he should have the quiet sympathetic surroundings without which his poetic imagination could not work. Their slender means were augmented about this time by a legacy which rendered it possible for the brother and sister to have a little cottage home together. Here, at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, Wordsworth first began seriously to devote himself to poetry. Their means were so small that the utmost economy was necessary; but Dorothy cheerfully undertook all the household work of cleaning, cooking, making and mending. She was not one of those who think there is any degradation, either to man or woman, in manual labour. While she was busied with household cares, her brother often worked in their garden; when their digging and cooking were accomplished, they read Italian authors together, or took long walks through the beautiful country in which they had fixed their abode. It must not be thought that Miss Wordsworth was nothing more to her brother than an energetic, economical housekeeper; she was in feeling almost as much a poet as he was. She had the same intense sympathy with nature, the same observant eye and loving heart for all the various moods of the beautiful outside world. She had also much of her brother's power of expression, and the same felicity in description. It has been said of her, "Her journals are Wordsworth in prose, just as his poems are Dorothy in verse." Wordsworth said of his brother John that he was "a silent poet," and "a poet in everything but words," meaning that he was a poet in feeling and sympathy; but something more than this can be said of Dorothy; she was a prose poet, who might have become a true poet, if she had not felt that she had another vocation. She was her brother's inspirer and critic, and what she wrote herself proves that she was worthy to be both. Some passages of her diary are almost identical in thought and observation with subjects that Wordsworth has crystallised in immortal verse. On July 30th, 1802, we have, for example, in the prose of Dorothy's journal, part of what Wordsworth has given to us in the sonnets on Westminster Bridge and Calais sands. "Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning, outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The City, St. Paul's, with the river, a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses not overhung by their clouds of smoke, were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles. Arrived at Calais at four in the morning of July 31st. Delightful walks in the evenings, seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud, crested with Dover Castle, the evening star, and the glory of the sky. The reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself; purple waves brighter than precious stones for ever melting away on the sands." Whoever will compare this with the two sonnets beginning "Earth has not anything to show more fair," and "Fair star of evening, splendour of the West," will see how far it is just to say that Dorothy has given us in prose what Wordsworth has given us in verse. There is a deeper human passion in Wordsworth's verse than Dorothy ever reached in her prose. He would not stand to-day the third in the noble group where Shakespeare and Milton are first and second, if he had not possessed, over and above his subtle sympathy with Nature, sympathy also with the greatest of Nature's works, "man, the heart of man, and human life." In the "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," and again in the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," Wordsworth speaks of the change which had gradually come in himself from the days when the worship of external nature, "meadow, grove, and stream, the earth and every common sight," was all in all to him, to the time when—

> "I have learn'd
> To look on Nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue."

It was here, as it seems, that his sister could not follow him. Perhaps her self-suppression, the very concentration of her devotion to her brother, closed her powers of receptive sympathy for the wider issues of human destiny which inspires the most precious of Wordsworth's verse. Whether this be so or not, he saw in her what he once had been and had ceased to be.

> "I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite: a feeling and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm.
> . . . . . That time is past,
> And all its acting joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures.
> . . . . . .
> For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
> Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
> My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
> The language of my former heart, and read
> My former pleasures in the shooting lights
> Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
> May I behold in thee, what I was once,
> My dear, dear sister!"

After Racedown the next residence of Wordsworth and his sister was (1797) at Alfoxden, in Somersetshire. Here they were visited by Coleridge and Lamb, and here the

"Ancient Mariner" was composed, chiefly by Coleridge, but with the help and by the stimulus of Wordsworth and Dorothy. It was during their residence here that the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey" were composed and published. Racedown and Alfoxden were temporary resting-places only; Wordsworth and his sister did not make a real home for themselves till they settled in the beautiful lake country of Westmoreland, in 1799. At first they lived in a small cottage, where Dorothy, with the help of one feeble old woman, whom they employed partly out of charity, did all the domestic work. A few years later they removed to the house at Rydal Mount, Grasmere, which will always be associated with their memory, and where the rest of their lives was passed. It has been pointed out by Mr. Matthew Arnold that almost all Wordsworth's best work was produced in the ten years between 1798 and 1808. During this time he had achieved no fame; he had gained no audience, as it were, save the very select group of whom the chief members were his sister, Coleridge, and Charles and Mary Lamb. All through this time of the production of Wordsworth's best work, Dorothy continued to devote herself to him by the cheerful performance of the double duties of domestic drudge and literary companion and critic. She was also his comrade in many long mountain excursions, in which they both delighted. Miss Wordsworth had extraordinary physical strength, which many persons believe she overtaxed by her long walks over moor and mountain. It is certain, however, that her brother delighted in her physical vigour no less than in her mental gifts. He speaks in lines addressed to her of her being "healthy as a shepherd boy," and in other places he often shows that physical feebleness formed no part of his conception of feminine grace. His ideal woman

> "is ruddy, fleet and strong,
> And down the rocks can leap along
> Like rivulets in May."

Or again—

> "She shall be sportive as the fawn,
> That wild with glee across the lawn
> Or up the mountain springs."

In 1802 the poet married his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, and nothing is more characteristic of Dorothy's sweet and generous nature than the warm, loving welcome which she gave to her brother's wife. She did not know jealousy in love; her love was so perfect that she rejoiced in every addition to her brother's happiness, and did not, as a meaner woman might have done, wish his heart to be vacant of all affection save what he felt for herself. The poet's wife was worthy of such a husband and sister-in-law, and the family life went on in perfect love and harmony, that were only strengthened by the new ties and interests that marriage brought. Wordsworth's children became as dear to Dorothy as if they had been her own, and she devoted herself to them so that they learnt to feel that they had in her almost a second mother.

In 1832, Wordsworth then being sixty-two years old and his sister over sixty, Dorothy's health seriously broke down. So much has been said in some of the books about the poet and his sister on the harm resulting to Miss Wordsworth's health from her long walks, that it might have been imagined that she had been the victim of a very premature decline of physical powers. Considering, however, that she was descended from parents both of whom had died young, it is at least doubtful whether her failure of health at the age of sixty can be fairly attributed to her pedestrian feats. Her illness in 1832 culminated in a dangerous attack of brain fever, from which she recovered, but with mental and physical powers permanently enfeebled. Her memory was darkened, and her spirits, once so blithe and gay, became clouded and dull. Wordsworth and his wife tended her with unceasing devotion. One who knew them well wrote of Wordsworth at this time that "There is always something very touching in his way of speaking of his sister. The tones of his voice become very gentle and solemn, and he ceases to have that flow of expression which is so remarkable in him on all other subjects." The same friend wrote, "Those who know what they (William and Dorothy Wordsworth) were to each other can well understand what it must have been to him to see that soul of life and light obscured."

Notwithstanding the delicate health from which she suffered before the close of her life, she outlived her brother for five years. He died on April 23rd, 1850, the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death. His sister at first could hardly comprehend her loss; but when at last she understood that her heart's best treasure was no more, she exclaimed that there was nothing left worth living for. It was hardly life to live without him to whom her own life had been devoted. The friends surrounding her dreaded the shock which this great loss would be to her, but she bore it with unexpected calmness. A friend wrote, "She is drawn about as usual in her chair. She was heard to say as she passed the door where the body lay, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" She died in January, 1855, and was buried by her brother's side in Grasmere Churchyard.

THE ILL-HEALTH OF WOMEN.

BY LOUISE F. BRYSON, M.D.

It is taken so much as a matter of course that women will be able to perform the miscellaneous business of household management that no effort is made to teach them their various duties. Knowledge of this sort is supposed to come when occasion requires it, as instinct prompts the bird to build its nest aright. If women ever possessed this instinct they have lost it. There are but few homes where the best advantage is made of the resources at the mistress's disposal. Ignorance reigns in the kitchen, and perplexity in the parlour. The maid knows next to nothing, and the mistress unavailable things. Public opinion has not demanded that each shall be a woman first, whatever else beside, skilled in all that pertains to household health and happiness. The situation is heart-breaking. Women of stern stuff master it in time, and fit themselves, though sadly out of season, for the noble and dignified profession of a matron. The weak ones go to the wall, and lose their health. There is nothing so depressing, so utterly demoralising, as a constant sense of failure. Especially is this true of domestic affairs, in which even the most witless are supposed to excel. To be for ever doing and never accomplishing results is a process that is bound to undermine physical health and peace of mind.

The problem of making both ends meet where the income is insufficient has a most pernicious effect upon women's health. The process is thoroughly disheartening and devitalising. It gives an anxious, worn expression easy to recognise. How different from the inspiration of honest money-earning, and the generous spending it makes possible! Those who toil so laboriously to save must of necessity spend themselves. There are two ways of meeting this vexing question of making both ends meet and still preserve health. One is to live in undesirable quarters, in some forgotten street, with inferior surroundings and companionships, wear

coarse and inartistic clothes, and bring up children in a lower grade of society than they were born to. Parents usually object to this method. The other way is for women to earn money in some of the numerous fields of activity now open to them. "But people will think I'm not good to you!" exclaims paterfamilias when the subject is first broached to him. People, as a rule, are attending to their own affairs, and are not bothering about any particular Arabella or Jane. To them woman's work is an affair of demand and supply. Earning money is one means of securing cheerfulness and maintaining health. To get funds enough together to procure a nurse, a seamstress, a summer vacation, or whatever else the occasion requires, will often lift the wife and mother out of the slough of despond. I am not advocating money-getting sufficient for family support. Far from it. That takes a woman too much away from her children, and encourages extravagant habits in men. But a timely piecing out of a too modest income lifts the clouds wonderfully, and lets in perfect floods of sunshine.

Unhappiness at home is a prolific source of ill-health among women. The "bad husband headache" is proverbial. Women cannot live by bread alone. They must have hope, and love, and kind consideration. The oppression of an iron will bruises their pleasant fancies, and lops off their innocent whims, till there is no sap left in them to bud or blossom any more.

The very worst thing that can be said about unhappiness is that it makes people sick. It makes women sick. They go down under it like a skiff in the track of a lumbering merchantman. "Be prepared for anything," said a skilful physician to his younger colleague; "this woman has been very unhappy."

Absence of fresh air and sunshine produces as bad an effect upon human creatures as upon plants. Carpets, furniture, cool rooms, banishment of flies, etc., are some of the excuses for excluding light. Yet a woman in good health exceeds the value of many carpets. Her price is above upholstered chairs or expensive hangings. She is almost as rare as a day in June, and twice as lovely. What household decorations equal the benign presence of a calm, cheerful, perfectly poised woman, whether wife, mother, or daughter? Before the radiance of such a one the beauty of bronze, marble, or ceramic pales and grows dim. "Open the windows and glorify the room," as Sidney Smith used to say.

Some noble enthusiasm outside the treadmill of daily life is a wonderful preserver and restorer of health. The tyranny of a divine idea uplifts and redeems the most humdrum existence, gives it vital force and a value hitherto unknown. To believe tremendously in some tremendous thing raises us to such a height that the little trials and annoyances from which there is no escape are powerless to disturb our calm serenity. Whoever has found the "key of the kingdom," and dwells in the region of quietness and beauty, is proof against evil tongues, sneers, rash judgments, and the dreariness of intercourse with commonplace minds. To lose our own personality in some grand idea, no matter what, is to find life that is truly worth living. It means well-being and perpetual courage, and the cheerful faith that something is really worth while. "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily."

—*Christian Union.*

A TRIP TO NORWAY.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

"A long railway journey in this heat, and fagged out as I am, is simply not to be thought of, even with the Alps at the end. I want fresh sea-breezes first and mountain air afterwards, with as little trouble as possible in obtaining both."

"Why not try Norway?" said the devoted friend, who had been racking her brain for the past fortnight to find some suitable holiday place.

The railway journey to Hull was the first objection which seemed almost insuperable in the washed-out condition produced by over-work and the heat of last summer. The sea-passage was the second objection and most fearsome to a bad sailor. But when, on inquiry, it was found that we could start direct from the Docks, thus avoiding any railway journey, and should be three days at sea, which would, perhaps, enable us to get our sea legs, the tickets for Christiania were soon taken, and on the 29th July, 1887, we embarked on the s.s. *Albano.*

To those friends who, knowing my deficiencies as a sailor, had expressed their surprise at my undertaking the usually abominable passage to Norway, I had stated my conviction that nine times out of ten sea-sickness was amenable to self-control, and that I meant to try what firm determination would do in the matter. But when we were fairly started, and I realised that for three days and three nights I was caged without hope of release, and when the nauseating smell of the engine-room assailed my nostrils, bringing to my mind fearful visions of past journeys, I thought that of all inane determinations mine was the "inanest," and the epithets I inwardly applied to myself were certainly neither courteous nor kind. If I could only have looked forward then, how much anticipatory agony I might have spared myself, for I should have seen a vista of hours and days, during which the good ship ploughed her way with even keel and with never a roll nor a pitch; the result being that the fearsome person who hoped dinner would be served before we got out of the Thames, so that she might have at any rate one meal on board, could be seen descending into the saloon four times a day with remarkable alertness when the meal-bell was rung, and demolishing when there nutriment sufficient to have lasted her for a week when at home.

We reached Christiania at 2 a.m., and ungratefully left the good ship which had brought us over so pleasantly without any delay; the charms of a bed, after two nights in a bunk, were more than we could resist. A fellow-passenger of ours, a Norwegian girl, kindly came out of her way, even at that unearthly hour, to show us the hotel, which otherwise, the streets being absolutely deserted, we should never have discovered. First good mark for Norwegian courtesy and kindness, thought we.

We chose the Victoria Hotel, because of the description of the breakfast balcony given in that charming book, "Three in Norway," and found it verified in almost every particular. There were the little white-covered tables scattered about, the funny little unknown dishes, the good coffee, the polyglot waiters, and when to all this novelty was added the feeling that there were no letters to answer, no telegrams to attend to, and no housekeeping to do, one felt that breakfast on the balcony was indeed an "idyll."

As our souls and bodies were longing for waterfalls and fjords, we only stayed long enough in Christiania to see the Viking* ship of the ninth century, discovered a few years ago, and which amply repaid us for our trouble, and we then started by rail for Hünefos, on our way through the Valders to the west coast.

We had been told that English and French would carry us comfortably through Norway, and the statement to some extent is correct. At all the hotels we stayed at, from Christiania to Bergen, some one could be found who spoke English, better or worse—generally worse; but off the main route, and especially at the railway stations, we were sorely embarrassed, and at Christiania, for instance, we could not

* Pronounced *Vicking*, and not Viking.

make ourselves understood either in English, French, or German, and finally took our seats in the train with only a very faint hope that we were going in the right direction.

The Norwegian railways have been much abused on account of their slowness and jolting, and we were consequently agreeably disappointed in both respects. Express trains they are not, but their average speed is twenty miles an hour; and as to the jolting, it only occurs when starting and stopping, and is certainly no worse than on many English lines. Our train had only second and third-class carriages, and both being apparently much on a par, we chose the latter, and had no cause to regret our choice, the passengers proving very civil and pleasant, though staring at us fixedly, as if we were wild beasts. This ponderous, vacuous stare of the lower-class Norwegians is one of their worst characteristics, and scarcely to be borne with equanimity by any person of nervous temperament.

Another characteristic, especially of the Norwegian women, is their want of readiness in offering to assist you out of a language difficulty, however well they may speak English, unless directly appealed to. On this journey, for example, to quote one of many instances, the guard only knew one or two words of English—we, of course, no Norwegian—and after vainly trying to discover whether we had to change anywhere, we gave it up in despair. Half an hour afterwards we found that a girl sitting beside us, and who had blandly listened to our frantic efforts with the guard without making a sign, not only understood but spoke English very fairly.

At Hünefos we first realised that we were really in Norway. The wooden hotel, with its balcony, the large, bare, clean bedrooms, with the queer little beds and heavy eider-down, which would slip off in the night, the friendly shake of the hand from the hotel mistress, were all just what we had read of. We stayed there two days to visit the waterfalls, which we then considered magnificent, but which are now dwarfed in our recollection by those we subsequently saw. Our bill was also decidedly Norwegian, for it only amounted to 15 krone each (16s. 8d.),* and we found later on that, compared to other hotels, the charges here were high.

From Hünefos we took train (able to ask for our tickets in Norwegian this time, only three words being necessary!), and then by steamer up the Lake Spirillen to Odnaes. There we were fortunate enough to find a carriage and pair returning to Laerdal on the Sogne Fjord, the driver and proprietor of which consented, after some chaffering, to take us to Laerdal in three days for 60 krone, or about half the sum we had anticipated.

At Odnaes we had our first experience of a Norwegian bath, and are not likely to forget it. The landlord of the hotel, who spoke English fairly, assured us that he had a first-rate bath, the only inconvenience being that it was situated in the middle of a small wood, about 500 yards from the hotel. He pointed out the building to us, and handed over the key that we might let ourselves in at any hour of the morning we chose. So at six o'clock two peculiar looking people "might have been seen," like the classical horseman, wending their way towards the wooden shanty in the middle of the wood. As we approached the door the sound of running water grew louder and louder, and as we put the key in the lock it became evident that the fall of water was *inside* the building. We pushed open the door with some trepidation, and this is what we found: the shanty was divided into two compartments, opening one into the other. The first was an ordinary room, absolutely bare of furniture; the second was a dark hole, the flooring of which consisted of planks laid about two feet apart to afford an exit to the water which poured upon it from a wooden pipe in the ceiling. Tub there was none—not even a basin; the planks were slimy and slippery, the hole was dark and gruesome. But Britons never will be slaves, even of circumstance, and we managed our morning tub, though under difficulties.

Our first resting-place brought us into contact with Norwegian primitiveness and honesty. Our bedrooms opened out into a verandah, which was reached by steps from the yard, which in its turn opened direct into the highway. Lock there was none to the doors, and we were told to put our boots on the verandah when we went to bed, which we meekly did, though with many misgivings.

Here we first tasted reindeer steaks, which in our ignorance we imagined to be beef, and wondered at its excellence. At all the stations the food was good—sometimes remarkably so; only the coffee we had heard so much praised was a disappointment, for when not accompanied by cream, as was frequently the case, it was detestable.

The drive through the Falders district was very lovely, but the heat was intense, and until we reached Nystuen, 3,000 feet above the sea-level, we thought that the bracing qualities of Norway were a fraud. But there we encountered such piercing cold that we were thankful for every wrap we possessed. Nystuen is described in Baedeker as a station often crowded in the summer. We agreed that under no circumstances could we be induced to make part of the crowd, for a more bleak and desolate spot it would be difficult to find. It was barrenness and desolation without grandeur; the only redeeming point about it being that there we first saw snow in August.

From Nystuen all the way to Lœrdalsœren, a two days' journey, the scenery is simply glorious. I know Switzerland and Scotland well, and had not, therefore, expected to see anything very novel. I found that my opinion, as so frequently is the case, was founded merely on crass ignorance.

To attempt any description of the glories we beheld would be futile, and as the accompanying illustrations, although taken from photographs, give only a most inadequate idea of them, I advise my readers to go and see for themselves.

Lœrdalsœren, where we parted from our driver, who insisted on shaking hands in the most affectionate manner, we found hot, noisy, and rowdy; we therefore left early the next morning by steamer up the Sogne Fjord to Gudvangen.

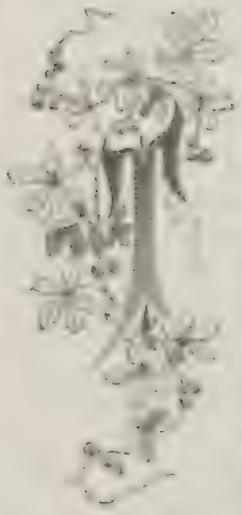
On board we met with our first specimen in Norway of the middle-class British "'Arry," who is, alas! making of Norway his happy hunting-ground. This individual, after first sitting down straight before us and blocking our view, proceeded to light his pipe, the fumes of which, by reason of the direction of the wind, blew straight into our face. Vainly we coughed and moved away as far as we could; it needed a direct remonstrance to make him shift his quarters, and it is doubtful if this would have been effectual had it not been for the stern and steady stare of an old Norwegian gentleman; for our "'Arry" of whatever class is quite aware that discretion is the better part of valour.

Gudvangen is a primitive little village, situated in such a narrow gorge that the sun never shines upon it during the whole winter.

We went to Helland's Hotel. We were well rewarded, for it was most comfortable, the cooking excellent, and our bill at the end of two days amounted to 25s. for two.

(To be continued.)

* The krone is worth 1s. 1½d.



A COLLEGE BY POST.

BY MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.

THERE are three characteristics of this our age which the historian of the future will certainly point out. First, that it gives women a larger share than they have ever had before in the serious work of the world, and spares no pains to qualify them for their various tasks. He will naturally connect this with the grand reign of the one woman in history who has wielded the sceptre for half a century. Secondly, that it recognises knowledge, and the wisdom to which true knowledge leads, as a "fountain" that should no longer be "sealed" for the many, and open only for the few. Thirdly, that it organises unions, binding together in common interests and common aims many who never meet face to face. For this age has seen—

> "Time but the clog which weighted acts of yore,
> Distance so dwarfed, it well-nigh disappears."

The college by post which I am going to describe is an outcome of all these things. It is woman's work for women; it offers guidance to those whose schoolroom days are over, for whom receiving instruction is no longer the main business of life; it unites teachers and learners who are widely scattered. Thus a teacher living in England lectures by post to pupils in Scotland, Ireland, and even on the Continent and in the Colonies, most of whom she has never seen and never will see.

The origin, growth, purpose, and plans of this novel educational agency are as follows.

In 1880 Miss Caroline Cavendish founded the *Christian Women's Education Union*, with the twofold object of raising the intellectual standard of religious education, and bringing definite religious influence to bear upon higher education.

Out of this union two colleges have already sprung—the College at Westfield, Hampstead, and the College by Correspondence. The name of the former is less familiar to the general public than that of Girton, for it is thirteen years younger. In days to come it will probably take still higher rank, since it prepares for the degrees of the University of London, which, as is well known, are the hardest in the kingdom to win; and its students have even now distinguished themselves not a little in the lists of that university.

The other college grew out of an effort to help girls who cannot enjoy a university career. Its tiny seed was a request that I, as a young student, would help one or two other young students by corresponding with them about their studies. Mention in the *Girl's Own Paper* for June 18th, 1881, that I was willing to do this brought me so many applications for the proffered aid that the *Students' Branch* of the Christian Women's Education Union came suddenly into being between six and seven years ago. Nothing could then have been further from my thoughts than such an undertaking. I had only passed the first of three examinations for the London degree, and the most arduous part of my college career was yet before me. Still I could not lightly set aside this new claim. My friends came forward with most generous offers of time and labour, and by Christmas, 1881, we were in full working order, with 333 members. Over seventeen hundred students have now joined, and I have had the satisfaction of enrolling more than one hundred teachers on the staff, most of whom have proved the excellence of their own education in public examinations. I shall best show what our College is by indicating at the same time what it is not.

All its students promise to give half an hour each day to reading the Bible. But it is more than a Scripture union, for each reader is in definite relation to a teacher who both asks and answers questions.

Members also read other appointed books on the subjects they have chosen for at least six hours every week. But it is not a mere reading society, for they have lectures and examinations on what they read, and send in regular reports of their work. Nor is it such a scheme of instruction as that in connection with the *Cambridge Examiner;* for our work is voluntary; our teachers are highly-cultured ladies, who gladly make their own acquirements helpful to others in an unprofessional way. There are no fees, the only payment being a small subscription towards expenses of printing and postage. I have, however, no reason to suppose that those who ought to avail themselves of professional tuition use our classes unfairly. Competition with such tuition is really out of the question. We receive no pupil under sixteen; we do not undertake to prepare for any public examination; we start students upon the right road, and leave them to go forward themselves, with ample opportunity of referring to us about difficulties.

We do not give a regular education; we seek to supplement such education by encouraging girls not to lose that precious interval between the work of the schoolroom and the actual work of life; by providing in our rules the "must" that differs so widely in its results from the "may" of the solitary student; by giving them companionship in study, so that they may not be depressed by the thought that no one knows or cares whether they read regularly or not.

We do not offer secular instruction to those who have many other opportunities of acquiring it, who want "coaching" for certificates or degrees (though such are most welcome to join our Scripture classes only as *Associates*), nor to those whose schooling has not brought them far enough to profit by correspondence tuition, but who want to dabble in French or some such accomplishment that they may join the ranks of unskilled and underpaid governesses.

Between these two classes there is a multitude of girls, for whom our college is designed, who feel unsatisfied longings after knowledge for its own sake, who cannot get good teaching otherwise, and who are willing to abide by necessary rules—daughters of country clergymen, anxious to teach little brothers and sisters; squires' daughters, whose time is their own, and who often regret that in the past it has been wasted; earnest governesses, to whom instructing others has shown their own need of more learning. These and many more are saying, "Give us not of the gold that perisheth, but of the knowledge that has power to make our lives more fruitful by fitting us to become what God means us to be."

The year is divided into three terms, beginning February 1st, June 1st, and October 1st. New students are admitted in January, May, and September. Applications being more numerous than vacancies, I cannot promise admission to any who apply after the first weeks of these months.

The subjects taught in our secular classes are (1) English History and Literature; (2) English Language; (3) Greek;

(4) Latin; (5) Arithmetic; (6) Mathematics; (7) French; (8) German; (9) Physical Geography; (10) Church History; (11) Christian Evidences; (12) Political Economy; (13) Botany; (14) Theory of Music; (15) Logic.

Our thirty-two Scripture classes are in five groups. As every student must belong to one or other of these, we give a large choice, and avail ourselves of schemes of Scripture reading which are already widely followed. The groups are (1) Members of the "Bible and Prayer Union," (2) Members of the "Christian Progress Union," (3) Members of the "Young Women's Christian Association," (4) Readers of the Church Lessons, (5) Readers of the Chronological Scripture Cycle. The last scheme, which I began to shape for our students in February last, already promises to become the most popular of all. In a series of nine papers I am mapping out a course for reading the whole Bible in three years, taking the Psalms with the histories of David and his successors, the Prophets with Kings and Chronicles, the Epistles with the Acts of the Apostles, and so forth; thus recognising in our sacred writings, as elsewhere, these two elements: history, which tells us what men did; literature, which explains to us why they did it.

My colleagues are, like myself, members of the Church of England, and the teaching of that Church is our religious basis; but in dealing with students of various communions, we only require them to read the Bible, and strive to remember that it is not our business to contribute to controversy, but to aid intelligent apprehension of Divine things and to quicken spiritual life.

Most of our teachers are either personal friends of mine or friends of friends. Not a few old teachers have enlisted new ones, and several senior students have in due course become efficient members of the staff. As our work grows, offers from those who have both qualifications and leisure to aid it are most acceptable; and many besides myself have found it an addition to their own lives to be thus associated with a little group of girls eager for knowledge and most grateful for the help afforded.

We may best counteract the evil effects of foolish writing, idly read, by placing the wise books of the world in our students' hands, and so training them to "aim at the highest." We want them to feel what culture means, and how it may be striven for; and to acquire, not set quantities of useful information, but habits of method and of mental discipline which will enable them to do well whatever part in the work of the world happens to fall to their lot. All applications for admission to the classes or for further information should be made to me, enclosing a stamped envelope.

Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W.

June, 1888.

"WITHOUT GRUDGING"; OR, MARJORIE'S MISTRESS.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER,

Author of "We Wives," etc., etc.

Marjorie's mistress had been out shopping. It was a tiresome duty, that of trying to make 4d. do the duty of 6d. and a 1s. take the place of a florin! Mrs. Carroll felt very weary as she turned homewards, with a few yellow paper parcels in her arms, and several brown paper ones left to follow her. Her way led directly past the white-stepped house, where dear Miss Benson still lived and suffered. The disease that had threatened to cut short her busy life, and so had led her to think about the good things preparing for her in the Home above, had been arrested for the time. It still lay there dormant—scotched and not killed, and Miss Benson spent many of her hours on an old-fashioned couch in her quaint parlour. Marjorie's mistress was almost sure of finding her there whenever she stepped into the little room.

This afternoon, the clock on the church tower near was striking five, when Bertha Carroll turned into the side garden, with its ribbon borders of crocuses, lavender, purple, saffron, and white. Shall I say that the knowledge of a certain white-clothed table always spread for visitors about that hour had anything to do with Mrs. Carroll's decision? It may have had, for a cup of tea is very refreshing after a day's shopping.

Miss Benson was not alone.

Marjorie's mistress knew that directly she stood on the tiled pavement of the hall. There was a gentle clatter of china, and the tiny tinkle of silver, and a sound of talking. For a moment she wished she had not come. The next she was kissing Miss Benson's forehead lovingly, and being introduced to her visitors.

The gentle old Quaker lady was lying on the sofa; she often lay there now, but there was no furrow of pain or annoyance on her fair brow. She seemed to enjoy the young life round her, and smiled and nodded as another and not the hostess, as it should have been, poured out a cup of tea and handed it to Marjorie's mistress.

Mrs. Carroll sat rather silent, listening to the subdued chatter that went on around, but her indignation was aroused by hearing a scrap of conversation behind her.

It was a merry girl speaking.

"Yes! we always come here if we want a cup of afternoon tea. We know it is 'going' about this time."

Bertha glanced at Miss Benson. Yes! she had heard the words too, but it only added a greater sweetness to the kiss she gave her young friend at parting.

"Thou must come often, my dear," she said. "It does an old woman good to see thee."

"What a horrid reason Miss Hamburg gave for visiting you," broke out Marjorie's mistress as the last guest left. "I would not be so hospitable if I were you, Miss Benson. People take advantage of it."

"And why not, friend Bertha?" queried the old lady, with a surprised inflexion in her voice. "Is it not well to have anything to draw them here?"

"But the trouble," objected Mrs. Carroll. "Look at the cups and saucers your maid will have to wash up."

"Dinah will not grudge thine," replied Miss Benson, putting down her own saucer of fragile crown Derby, "and I hope she will not mind the others, either."

"It seems such a selfish reason for coming to see you, dear Miss Benson," went on Marjorie's mistress, taking the cup from her.

"Didst *thou* intend visiting me this eventide, friend?" Miss Benson was lynx-eyed after all, but she laid her hand lovingly on Bertha's gloved fingers. "Was it not an ease to

thee, to think of having a quiet sup away from thy noisy household?"

A quick flush mounted the face opposite.

"If you never had a drop of tea I would still come to see you." Vehemently the words were spoken.

"But this afternoon, friend?" persisted the old lady. "When I saw thee dragging thy weary feet after thee, I said to myself, 'Here comes friend Bertha Carroll for a cup of tea, and well she needs it.' I thought it no harm of thee."

So the beam had been in her own eye! Marjorie's mistress had to acknowledge it!

"*Dear* friend!"—how loving was Miss Benson's correction—"in the old-fashioned Book we both love, I read the words 'Use hospitality one to another without grudging.' Do we not forget that sometimes?"

So she sat quietly with her hands folded on her lap, until Miss Benson began again, and this time gravely enough.

"I can never forget, friend Bertha Carroll, that hospitality was once refused to a little, newborn infant. There was no room in the inn for our Lord Jesus Christ (Luke ii. 7). No pillow for Him to lay His head upon (Matt. viii. 20). No bed for Him to rest in (John viii. 1). I would make it up to Him if I could. Surely I hear His voice, 'He that receiveth you, receiveth Me; and whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward' (Matt. x. 42). I do not wish to hear my Saviour say, when the end *has* come, friend Bertha Carroll, 'I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; for inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me' (Matt. xxv. 42)."

Afternoon Tea.

"But in *your* state of health, dear Miss Benson, *surely*, surely, such is not expected of you?"

Very gentle, very loving, very rapt, was the answering smile.

"*Because*, 'the end of all things is at hand,' friend Bertha Carroll, I must use hospitality without grudging" (1 Peter iv. 7).

There was silence in the small room—a silence that might be felt. It was broken by a quaint little laugh from Miss Benson.

"Didst thou think it was only given to *bishops* to be hospitable, friend Bertha (1 Tim. iii. 2)? Wilt thou not let a feeble lay woman share in the privilege of distributing to the necessity of the saints?" (Rom. xii. 13).

Mrs. Carroll had read somewhere of the request for "silver spoons" made by an archbishop on his elevation to the see, but she could not laugh. Everything connected with her dying friend was too solemn, too sacred.

And all this about a cup of tea!

Marjorie's mistress went home in a sadly troubled state of mind. How often had *she* let a visitor go unrefreshed and unwarmed? Could it be true that she had missed entertaining angels in the guise of commonplace everyday strangers? (Heb. xiii. 2).

It had all begun in a very lawful fashion. Her husband's means had been small; their family large; household expenses, even the most necessary, had had to be curtailed. Where could retrenchment be as easily made as in entertaining?

So she had slipt out of the habit altogether, and Marjorie's mistress could count on her fingers the number that had broken their fast in her house!

Thus one of the ultimate ends of her home life had been missed! No lonely old maid—no equally solitary young bachelor, had found a loving welcome in *her* family circle.

The bank clerk next door, occupying the very place held

by her husband some years before, had been led to frequent bad places of amusement because she had held out no hand to help him. The young, unmarried curate had often returned wearily to his lonely lodgings, when he might have been refreshed by her hand. The flighty girls over the way had never had the counter charms of a quiet home-life laid beside their round of frivolity.

"Mene, mene, Tekel, Upharsin!"

* * * * * * *

Sarah on the plains of Mamre kneaded cakes with her own hands for her guests (Gen. xviii. 7). Rebekah, in her maidenly forethought, prepared meat for a dusty, unknown wayfarer (Gen. xxiv. 33). Gideon, with the fear of the wild Ishmaelites brooding over him, boiled broth for his visitor (Judges vi. 19). Manoah and his wife made ready a kid for "the man" whose name was secret (Judges xiii. 15). The widow of Zarephath gave *first* to the man of God out of her tiny store (1 Kings xvii. 13).

Marjorie's mistress read and pondered over the stories. "Without grudging" seemed to be written over every page of her now illumined Bible.

"If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates . . . thou shalt not harden thine heart, but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, in that which he wanteth. Thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works (Deut. xv. 10). *I* command thee, saying, thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother" (Deut. xv. 7—11).

Gravely, and slowly, and reverently, Marjorie's mistress read out the command to Miss Benson, who listened with a smile.

"Go back a bit," she directed. "Does it not say 'The Levite (because he hath no part or inheritance with thee), and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, shall come and shall eat and be satisfied'? (Deut. xiv. 29). Do not be afraid, friend Bertha Carroll. If thou usest thy hospitality without grudging, 'The Lord thy God will bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest.'"

* * * * * * *

It cost very little, after all! that ungrudging, cheerful, helpful hospitality.

The tea seemed to go just as far when the curate, and the clerk, and the girls had each had a cup from the pot. The butter? Well! that went a little faster, and so did the bread, but at the end of a month the difference was only just discernible.

And, by-and-by, something better than bread and butter and tea came back to Bertha Carroll. The girls began to gad about less, and to be less flighty. The bank man kept earlier hours, and spent some of his spare moments in trying to undo the links of bad habits. The curate—well! he looked more often to the pew in which sat Marjorie's mistress, and somehow, each time he looked, he felt cheered, and strengthened, and refreshed.

Marjorie, too, shared in the little labour of love.

Her mistress took her into confidence, and so the maid-servant thought not of the extra work. *That*, too, was given "without grudging," like everything else.

Miss Benson looked on approvingly. She had often grieved over the birds of passage that now and then alighted at her hospitable board, when she had thought of the house that would be so soon empty. Now she felt that Marjorie's mistress would take her place. That—in the kingly fashion of old (1 Kings xiii. 7)—*she* would press her friends to go home with her and refresh themselves. The Quaker lady had perceived that Bertha's fault lay rather in the direction of niggardliness than in profusion. "For the home, the husband, the family," had been her motto. And very rightly so. But now Miss Benson could rejoice over Mrs. Carroll, who was doing the one duty, while not neglecting the other.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

THE great hot weather difficulty with most people is how to combine thinness of attire with darkness of colour, for, though white and light-tinted muslins and cottons look delightfully fresh, and feel most pleasantly cool, they get dirty very rapidly, and cost a small fortune in getting up. For those whose purses will run to a somewhat expensive material, there are very pretty dark-printed foulards in dark blue, and plum or heliotrope; and there are also very much cheaper materials made of cotton, very fine indeed, and finished so as to closely resemble the foulards. When carefully worn they retain their freshness for a very long time, but once washed they lose the softness of finish, and their beauty is gone.

Zephyrs and cambrics are extremely cheap, especially when bought on the system known as "from the producer to the purchaser," and the favourite colours this summer are the grey-blue known as Gobelins, and a brighter one called Wedgwood. Both wash well, especially the former, which is made in plain material and in stripes of two plain shades, as well as in plain stripes with alternate ones printed in a fancy pattern. We show a zephyr dress in our illustration, which can either be made of the latter or of two zephyrs—a fancy and a plain one combined. Pointed bodices are very much worn, and the basque is very short on the hips, and terminates behind in a moderate point, agreeing with the front. In fact, the bodice just covers the band of the skirt, which should fit exactly, and does little or no more.

Parisian dressmakers are talking of banishing steels altogether from foundation skirts, but then they are adepts in fashioning cambric underskirts with frills to the waist which keep the dresses out in a very becoming manner. Most English people prefer the steels, and when used in moderation they are not objectionable. Only two are now used in foundation skirts, and there is a cushion sewn in at the waist. The top steel comes eight inches below the waist, and is twelve inches long, and the second one comes after another interval of eight inches, and is sixteen inches in

length. Make the runners in which they are to go by stitching on strong tape twice the width of the steel, and leave it open at each end, hemming the tape both for strength and tidiness. Having cut the steels to the right length, bind each end strongly and neatly, and sew to it about two inches of elastic of the same width to which you will afterwards add your tape strings. Steels thus put in are easily withdrawn, either for washing or packing, and as easily put in again with a few strong stitches at either end of the runners. Dresses pack much more smoothly and in far less space if the steels are taken out and laid in the bottom of the box. For the bodices use the "Perfection steels," which never break or shift their position and are quickly herring-boned in place.

A very good way of keeping a zephyr fresh-looking and making it rather smart on occasion is to take a straight piece of muslin the exact length of the bodice from throat to point, and cover it with any white or écru lace of suitable width, putting one row easily down each side, with the foot of the lace towards the middle and joining two narrower pieces in a pleated ruche to go right down between them. This, if finished off with hanging loops of ribbon from the throat, or smaller bows at intervals, pins on the front of the bodice when required, and entirely hides the spot about an inch below the collar where the chin makes a greasy mark.

Very pretty cotton bodices are being made this year, which are neither blouse nor Garibaldi, but combine the excellencies of both. They can be worn with any skirt, and are particularly nice for growing girls as well as for older people. The frill is quite a new feature, unless we call it an old one revived, but even then we must go back a good many years for it. It is best hemmed and put into a given length of cord, and sewn on separately in waterfall fashion; but a piece of the pretty cotton embroidery now made to match almost all the prints and zephyrs would answer all the purpose, and to the taste of the majority look better, though not quite so new. Frills are being very much worn, and are even sewn into the armholes at the top of the sleeves, worn round the neck instead of any sort of collar or tucker, and sometimes are set on with a cord round a bodice that is pointed back and front so as to form a kind of basque. This would not be a bad way of altering an old bodice. A quite plain, tight-fitting holland jacket, such as is worn in the house in the morning by some notable housewives, would be considerably improved by a frill of this kind gauffred.

Bonnets and hats are of all shapes and sizes this summer, but most of the former are small and close-fitting, and of the latter are low crowned. Some are turned up at the back with a bunch of bows showing the lining of the brim, some have the bows in front, and others have very small neat ones of two colours at the side. Flowers and feathers are quite at a discount for young girls, and they are seldom seen in anything but ribbons or a mixture of ribbons and tulle.

Patterns of bodice and mantles shown above may be had by enclosing 6½d. in stamps for each to "M. L.," at the office of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION. *Though every effort will be made to send patterns as early as possible, we cannot guarantee to do so by return of post.*

SMOCKING.

IT would have greatly astonished our grandfathers if any one had told them that smocks and smocking would ever play a part in ladies' dress. The carter's or labourer's "smocks," as they used to be called, were usually made in dark holland, which in time washed white, and they were so strong that they lasted many years; but none except shepherds and labourers would have thought of wearing such a garment. However, during the last few years smocked frocks have been introduced for children, and are at present much worn; and, indeed, this style is not only adopted for children, but many ladies' costumes are ornamented with smocking, and it bids fair to be very fashionable for all kinds of fabrics this year. But as many of our readers, doubtless, cannot afford to pay the high prices asked by the dressmakers, we give a few hints in this paper that we hope may be a help to them in smocking their children's or their own dresses.

Like many other things, smocking is uncommonly easy when you know how to do it. We have known a few ladies who have taught themselves, without any help whatever; but, on the other hand, many have given it up in despair. The whole beauty of smocking depends on the evenness of the gathering; if this is not beautifully even, the result will be anything but what is desired. To work it evenly it is absolutely necessary to make a chart or guide, in order to regulate the exact distance of one stitch from another, and of each row of gathering.

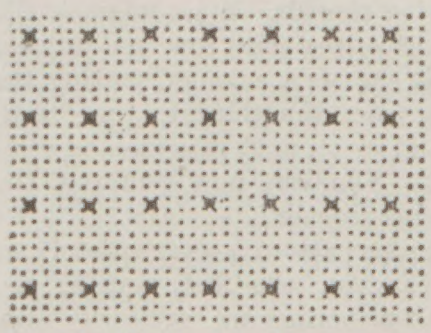


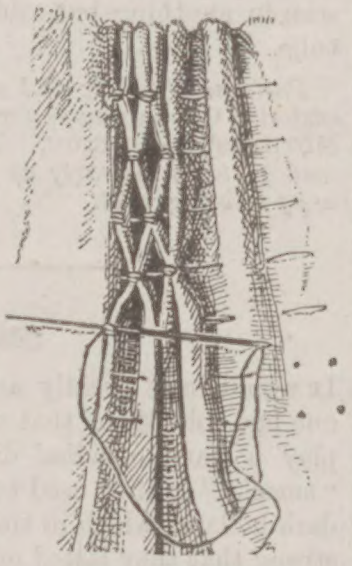
CHART.

To make the chart you must get a piece of fine perforated cardboard, as long as the width of the piece you wish to smock, and six inches in depth. You must also get a penknife with a very sharp point, and a smooth piece of board to lay the perforated card upon when preparing the chart.

Count three holes from one end of the card and from the side, and cut out the little square of card within the four holes—you will see what is meant by looking at the chart

above. Now miss three holes, and commencing at the fourth, cut another little square out between the four holes. Repeat this to the end of the row. Now count five holes underneath the first one cut, and cut another hole, exactly to correspond with the one above, at the sixth hole. You will now have five holes between the two little squares. Continue right along the row, cutting squares to correspond with those in the top row. Repeat in this way until you have exhausted the card, and then it is ready for use.

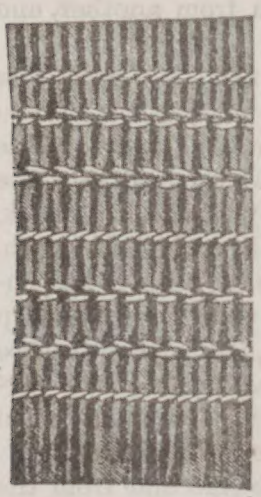
Lay the chart on the material you wish to smock, taking care to have it exactly straight. Keep it quite steady, and with a pointed piece of chalk mark through all the holes you cut in the cardboard on to the material. If the chart be not sufficiently deep to mark as much of the material as you want, slip the top row of holes down to the last row of dots, and go on marking as before. In moving the chart take care to lay it exactly in the right place.



HONEYCOMB PATTERN.

Now to gather the material. Procure a long, fine needle, and thread it with cotton, making, of course, a knot at the end. Put the needle in at one dot and out at the next, and so on to the end of the row. When you have run all the rows in the same way, draw up each thread and wind it round a pin in the usual way when gathering; for each thread put in a separate pin.

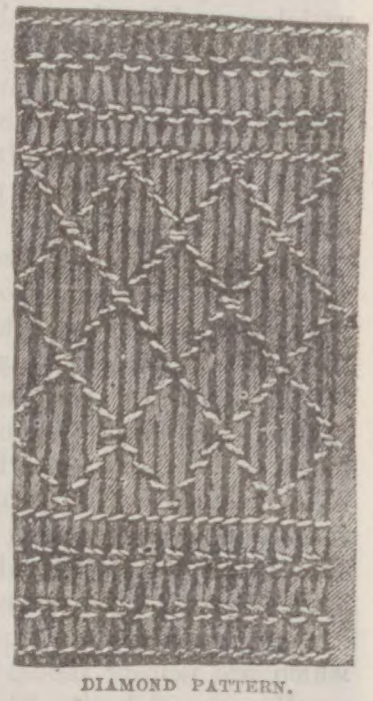
To work honeycomb pattern, commence at the top left-hand corner, put your needle through from the back to the front of the first pleat, exactly over the gathering thread, draw it out, and put it in crosswise, pointing from right to left, through the second and first pleat. Sew them over two or three times, drawing them close. Now put your needle into the dot you have just worked, seeing that it goes into the second pleat, not into the first, draw it out behind, and insert it in the dot immediately under the second pleat in the next row; then pass the needle crosswise into the third and second pleats, and sew over as before. Now put in the needle at the third pleat you have just worked, and bring it out at the third pleat in the *first row*, and sew that and the fourth pleat of the *first row* together as before. Again pass your needle through the fourth pleat, and bring it out at the fourth pleat of the *second row*, and sew the fourth and fifth pleat of the second row together. Go on in this way, sewing the first and second row together, until you have finished these two gathering threads. Start again at the left hand of the third row, and proceed in just the same manner, passing the needle from the third to the fourth row, and so on until the piece is completed. You can now pull out the gathering threads.



ROPE PATTERN.

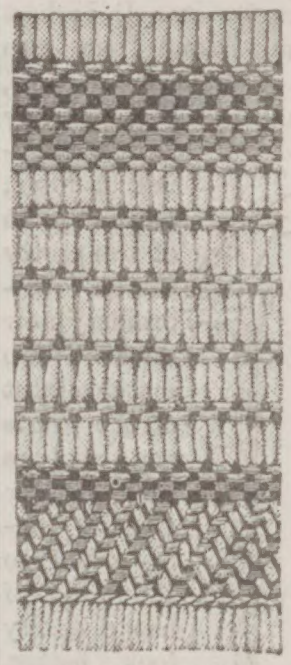
The rope pattern is a very useful one. The bars on the first, fourth, and seventh gatherings are very easily done. Work along each gathering thread, picking up the pleats one by one, with a crosswise stitch, and always bringing out the needle below the stitch. The bars on the second, third, fifth, and sixth gatherings are just as simple. They are done in the same way as those just described, with this difference—that in every second stitch the needle is taken out *above* the stitch, instead of below it.

The diamond pattern is done on exactly the same plan. Before working the diamonds, do the rope stitches above and below; these make the pleats steady, and easy to work upon. Then start from the top left-hand corner, as at first insert the needle in a slanting direction downwards, from right to left, to the second dot. Insert the needle into the third pleat or dot in the same way, starting on the same level at which it came out in pleat two. Repeat in the fourth pleat. Now the needle should come out in the second row. Make a stitch into the fifth pleat of the second row, slanting the needle upwards, instead of downwards, into the sixth, seventh, and eighth pleats, until at pleat eight your needle should come out at the first gathering. Proceed in this way, coming down again at the twelfth pleat of the second row, and so on until you come to the end of the piece of stuff. Start again from the first pleat of the third row, work upwards until you come to the fourth pleat of second row, and then down again, and so on.



DIAMOND PATTERN.

Basket pattern is done in this way. Commence, as before, at first pleat at top left-hand corner. Sew it and the second pleat together, making a stitch crosswise, from the second to third pleat, from right to left, bringing out the needle below the stitch. Sew the second and third pleat together once; make a crosswise stitch through third pleat, bringing the needle out above the stitch. Sew once together the third and four pleats; then make a stitch through the fourth pleat, bringing out the needle below the stitch. Repeat to the end of the gathering. The thick bar of work at the top of the diagram is made by working five rows close together. The thin bars in the centre are single rows of stitches. To work the lower part, work two rows of the above close together, and then, instead of working in straight lines from left to right, work in diagonal lines downwards from right to left, finishing with a row of rope stitch.



BASKET PATTERN.

When done, if it is necessary, the work should be pressed with a hot iron; if the material be a delicate one, a piece of thin muslin should be put between it and the iron. After this the gathering threads can be removed.

There are many other patterns, besides these given here, which are easily done after a little practice, but these are the most simple and usual perhaps. We would advise our readers to practise on something of no use before attempting a dress.